

# Vinegar and Mustard:

OR,

Worm-wood-Lectures for every  
Day in the Week.

Being exercised and delivered in several Pa-  
rishes both of Town and City, on several dayes.

A dish of tongues here's for a feast,  
Sowre sawce for sweet meat is the best.

Taken Verbatim in short writing, by J. W. *R*



LONDON. Printed for Will. Whitwood, at  
the Golden Bell in Duck-Lane. 1673.

Open with hands  
in prayer



6.42.28.



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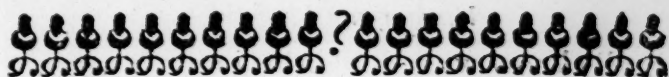
## The Book to the Reader, or Hearer.

**T**Is no Tub Lecture which I teach,  
But Ile tell what some Women preach,  
then pray come near and hear me,  
I am black Ink and Paper White,  
Although I bark I will not bite,  
therefore you need not fear me.



No modest woman I envy,  
Because I love them heartily,  
and prize them more than gold.  
None will exceptions take at me,  
But such as think they gaulded be,  
and that's I'm sure a scold.

Vale.



# Vinegar and Mustard :

OR,

## *A Mess of mandring-broath.*

Being Wormwood Lectures for every  
Day in the Week.

### *1. Mondays Lecture.*

By a woman that had not been long married, be-  
cause her Husband put on his best clothes on  
Monday morning.

**O** Brave ! What every day Holiday with  
you ? Pray sir what day do you call this,  
that your Roast-meat clothes must be put on ?  
is not this Munday I think you had recreation  
enough yesterday for all the week. And not to  
go a Rambling or a Fox-catching on the work-  
ing daies : but I saith, I saith, I see your knave-  
ry, as cunning and as closely as you carry it, as  
though Butter would not melt in your mouth.  
Here you leave me in bed poor Soul never ask-  
ing me how I do, or what I ail. And when  
you rise out of the bed, you turn your backside  
towards me, as though I should kiss that. O  
unkind and most unnatural man, that doth  
A 2 hardly

*Vinegar and Mustard.*

hardly know what doth belong unto a woman,  
the more is my grief: well I would I had some  
body here that I could wish to keep me compa-  
ny; but indeed I observed you yesterday in the  
Church-yard; how you whispered with your  
Jacks and Pot-companions, and then you shook  
hands at parting, I there you made the match,  
and to day you are to meet, but I shall find out  
your haunts, and then I shall ring you such a  
peal, that I will make you flie and scatter like  
hail-shot from a Gun, well get you gone, and  
come home as wise as you went (like a Wood-  
cock I had like to say) hey ho, this is not  
the way to thrive.

*Her Husbands Answer.*

( thrive

**W**ife thou sayst true, 'tis not the way to  
To ly in bed and 'gainst thy husband  
Cursing and chiding and to domineer, ( strive  
'Gainst him maintains you, and does love you  
If in good huswifery you would persevere, (dear  
You then must rise and do your best indeavour,  
In Husbands absence for to have an eye  
On servants, that their business do ply :  
I'd have you know I will not stand in fear  
Of you, or else what cloaths that I shall wear,  
On Munday, Tuesday, or on any day :  
Or when I please to work, or go to play.  
But yet I tell thee true, though thou dost ball,  
Know that I am going to the Hall,

Where

*Vinegar and Mustard.*

Where we this day Master and Wardens chuse,  
I being warn'd the same must not refuse,  
And where you say that I a Foxing go,  
I'd have you know I use not to do so;  
And if that I do chance to meet a friend,  
We'll drink a pint of wine and there's an end.  
You'll find me out where ere I go, you say;  
But it were better you at home should stay:  
Mens businesses abroad do often lye  
For to get work, or bargains for to buy:  
And wives that do lye looking in their Beds,  
Know not the care is in their husbands heads.  
When I do rise, you say, I am unkind,  
Because that I do wear my tail behind;  
Sure you would have me backward from you go,  
Like the Turks Bashaws, for they must do so,  
So fare you well, and on me do not frown,  
Lest in your wedding-shoes I take you down.

*2. Tuesdays Lecture.*

Delivered in a Bar-Pulpit, by a right reverend  
sat Hostels, to her Husband in a morning  
next his heart.

**Y**OU make an Host of an Ale-house; yes I  
saith, thou art more fit for an Hostler for to  
rub Horse-heels, than to take upon thee as thou  
host. You forsooth must be taking of money, as  
though I were not of age to take the reckoning  
by self; but two hands in a purse makes one

*Vinegar and Mustard.*

of them prove a thief, I am afraid, but look to it, look to it you had best, for you know that the Brewer and the Baker must be paid, and our trading fails, for you see that we have not half so many guests as we were wont to have before our strong Ale was put down, the more is the pity good man Goose. Thou art such an innocent fool, that though thou seest thy guests pot-shaken, and have lost their memories, you forsooth must tell them their just reckoning, without over-plus, nay I doubt sometimes too short, which makes us to thrive as we do; by Lady, then you come sneaking in with your shot-pot, or your paper of Tobacco, as though it cost us no money, but if they would have it, let them pay for it with a vengeance: here I must sit up late at night, and rise up early in the morning, when you are sometimes a bed, or else abroad at the Tavern with your drunken companions. For I could hear you the other day make a match with the Brewers Clark to go and drink half a pint of Sick, with a Pox to you and I must sit here in the cold like *Jone* hold my staff, and drink small beer if I will, for the Devil a drop of your Wine would you send me to comfort my poor heart withal: here you live very jolly, and I must take all the pains, and go in a thread bare Coat as I do; but I was well enough served, that might have had such good Matches as I might have had when I was a widow, and to take a Serving-man,

*Vinegar and Mustard.*

one that had neither house nor home, or trade to  
live upon : other men they can go into some  
place or office, but thou lookest after nothing,  
like an Idle Drone as thou art : well I say no-  
thing : but were I not a patient woman as I am,  
it would break my heart-string asunder.

*The Mans Answer.*

**I** Pray thee woman patient be,  
and do not grow so hot,  
This same cold breakfast you gave me  
My pallat pleaseth not.  
Your tongue methinks is out of tune,  
for it so much doth jar ;  
I like a Fellow will not be  
arraigned at the Bar :  
Horse heels I never use to rub,  
your words too sharp do bite,  
Indeed a Butler once I was  
unto a worthy Knight :  
The monies that I sometimes take  
I do not waste nor spend,  
And though I to the Tavern went,  
the Clark he is our friend.  
Sometimes to give a Pipe or Pot  
by it we nothing lose,  
Our guests will sooner come again,  
and not the house refuse.  
For Brewer and for Baker both,



*Vinegar and Mustard.*

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For Brewer and for Baker both,

*Vinagar and Mustard.*

I do take care to pay ,  
My honest guests I'll not deceive,  
what ere you do or say :  
When first I did a wooing come,  
the same you well do know:  
A hundred Pieces of good Gold  
I in your lap did throw :  
And since by my industry,  
with yours it doth increase,  
You have small cause for to complain,  
then prethee hold thy peace.  
I wonder what great pains you take,  
you have your Boy and Maid,  
And whatsoever you command,  
you straightway are obey'd ;  
And with your Gossips, when you please,  
you to the Tavern go,  
But what you do among them spend  
I neither ask nor know.  
You have good Gowns unto your back,  
and Waistcoats are not base,  
Kirtles and Scarlet Petticoats  
with silk and golden Lace,  
Your Beaver-hat, lac'd Handkerchiefs,  
and yet you call me Goose.  
Unknown to me your Coin you save,  
and put it out to use :  
A Story now to mind I call,  
one that you know full well,

*Vinegar and Mustard.*

Story the Broaker, which of late  
in *Turnmill street* did dwell :  
You did not lend him fifty pound  
of which I never knew ,  
In hope for to have double again ?  
you know I do speak true:  
Both you and others of your Mates,  
that did their Husbands cozen,  
He got your Coin, beyond Seas a ere,  
and made fools by the dozen :  
But since there were more fools than thee,  
you may the lesser care,  
And let no more such crafty knaves  
with thee my mony share.

*3. Wednesdays Lettice.*

Taught by a Sailors Wife to her Husband in a  
morning, who had drunk more then his share  
over night, with other good fellows that came  
lately from the *East-Indies*.

**I** Faith, I faith, I thought what would be-  
come of yesterdaies work, like a drunken  
beast as thou art, when thou wentst abroad with  
thy Mates ; you are Land-sick now, and not  
Sea-sick, with a vengeance to you for me. Come  
hold up your black-head, that with this warm  
cloth I may tie up all that little wit that you  
have, I am sure that your Fore-head akes, doth  
it not ? Yes I do warrant you. Well, when  
you

### *Vinegar and Mustard.*

you have another Wife she will do thus to you, do you think she will not? Come give me some money, that I may make you a Cawdle, and see if that will make you any better, as bad as you are to me, I would fain recover your health once more, and set you upon your leggs that you may stand again, for I am sure last night you could not, you had drunk so hard; and then when you were in bed you lay snoring and snorting like a swine as you are. I poor wretch could take no rest for you all that live long night: a woman hath much comfort of such a Bed-fellow, hath she not think you? I'll warrant you spent a simple deal of money yesterday at the Tavern, when you were with your old Companions: but poor I was never thought upon when you were jovial and merry, like a Company of Drunken fots as you were, and now you are come a shore, you think the World runs on Wheels, and that all the World is Oatmeal: but you'll find it to the contrary I'll warrant you with a wenion.

'Tis true, you have been out this three years on your Voyage, and have taken pains, and got some store of money, but then thou silly beast, art like a good Cow, that gives a pail full of milk, and when thou hast done kickest it down with thy heel upon the ground and spillest it all: but steer on your course, you have yet a fair wind, and a smooth Sea, but if you  
mend

*Vinegar and Mustard.*

mend not your manners and turn over a new leaf, I do intend to do, I know what I know, that which will vex every vein of thy heart, and make thee as mad as the Man in the Moon when he is three daies old, and there is a bone for you to pick.

*His Reply to Her again.*

**A**M I awake, or do I dream, (stream  
From whence proceeds this treublous  
I think the womans wild:  
Is this the kindness you profess?  
Your tongue your heart doth plain express,  
I pray thee be more mild.  
O't have I been at Sea and Shere,  
But such a tempest ne'r before  
I heard in all my life:  
Thou art some Spirit or ill thing,  
Or else some Syren that doth sing,  
surely thou art not my wife.  
The Hurricanes thou puttest down,  
That blows up trees, and Ships doth drown;  
then pray thee tempest cease:  
And if there be such storms on land,  
Surely the house it cannot stand,  
and therefore hold your peace.  
Why should you chafe because that I  
Drink with some of my company,  
with whom I was at Sea.

With

*Vinegar and Mustard.*

With you at home there was no scant;  
I'm sure that you did nothing want,  
you might do what you please.  
What I did spend it was mine own,  
And wealth with you I ne'r had none,  
your friends had nought to give.  
I felt all weathers, cold and warm,  
Enduring many a bitter storm,  
and sent you means to live.  
What though that I were ill at ease  
With change of Air, being long at Seas,  
I did not hurt at all:  
A little drink distempered me,  
But I am well again you see,  
although you scold and brawl:  
What ere you ask almost you have,  
I do maintain you fine and brave,  
fitting for your degree.  
I'm sure you eat and drink the best;  
Rise when you please, and go to rest,  
yet you'll not quiet be.  
And though you think the world to blind,  
To me you proved wondrous kind,  
when I three years was gone;  
You said you heard that I was dead,  
When you set horns upon my head,  
you could not lie alone.  
You had two children in that space,  
And cause I would thee not disgrace  
I married thee again,

Because

*Vinegar and Mustard.*

Because that none should call thee whore,  
And thou reward'st me well therefore,  
paying me for my pain.  
But I forgive thee all is past,  
So you'll be quiet at the last,  
though toucht unto the quick.  
Come kiss me now and do not cry,  
We will be friends, although that I  
gave thee a bone to pick.

*4. Thursdayes Lecture.*

Exercised and expressed by Mistris seeming wise,  
in her Chamber to her Husband, sitting in her  
chair, but he would not be edified by her.

**V**Erily, verily thou art a very Reprobate,  
Idolater, and one that is not worthy to  
enter in at the wicket or door, nay not to stir  
over the threshold where the Elect doth dwell,  
thou art worthy to be chastised and beaten with  
many stripes. You (forsooth) will go no  
where to be edified, but to your Steeple-houses,  
upon your Heathenish daies, there where they  
teach nothing almost but the language of the  
Beast, the common Strumpet, Harlot, and  
Whore of *Babylon*; away thou unsanctified  
wretch, thy blind eies are not opened, but you  
will walk still in the dark paths of iniquity and  
ignorance; that in the end you shall fall into  
the Pit of perdition. And you and the rest of  
the

*Vinegar and Mustard.*

the tribe of the wicked, when you are at your Unsanctified Tipling Inns, your Ale-houses, or your Taverns, and are drunken with the dregs of prophaneness, where your noses are smoaking like the gulph of *Sodom* and *Gomorah*, the henbane of your Heathen Tobacco. I there, there, I say, is the place where you utter and vent forth your despightful reproaches against us which are the immaculate vessels: I profess, I profess, and that in sincerity, that the righteous may have their fallings, and their failing, and may rise again, but for you that are not called, but persevere in your old Superstitious Polatry, which is but meer popery, you say again and again, your learned teachers, as they that built up the walls of *Babylon*, but you can deride at our sincere teachers, although they propagate, and are men of sanctity, therefore let us say or teach what we will, you are like the adder that stops her ears and will hear nothing at all, therefore you will not edifie, but still run on your prophane course of life: seeing so I conclude as I began, thou art a very reprobate.

*Her Husbands Answer.*

**N**OW I am glad your learned lecture's done,  
And have concluded just as you begun,  
Being with reverence, as you may say,  
Unto your Husband, whom you should obey.  
Is this the Doctrine which you there do teach,  
Where *Ananias* unto you doth preach?

These



*Vinegar and Mustard.*

These same to you methinks are wondrous kind,  
That open'd have your eyes were lately blind,  
Sarcely unto the Papists they are kin,  
But I thought Miracles had ceased bin :  
They hate a whore, and on high points do ston,  
But 'tis none but the whore of *Babylon* :  
They have their goodly gifts of countenance,  
True, before folks they will not kiss a wench,  
It is the Spirit that doth move them to it,  
And therefore he must not refuse to do it.  
To fail and fall it is sometimes your lot,  
Witness so many Maids with child are got  
By zealous people of your ranting crew,  
Which being done, this Virgin up you mew,  
Because the wicked there of should not know,  
You nurs't her up, and so away did go,  
And thus doth propagate your pure elect,  
The which is too much used by your sect :  
Our learned Reverend Divines you hate,  
And say, the language of the Beast they prate,  
Because your blockish weak capacities  
Cannot conceit the secret mysteries,  
The which are written in Gods sacred Book,  
Which is the cause so many are mistook :  
Yet some of you that hardly knows a Letter,  
Stick not to say you can expound it better ;  
Your learned teachers that do all disjoint,  
That knows not how to spell, to read, or point,  
Are they not reverend borchers, or some weavers  
Some zealous coblers, hatmakers or glovers ?  
These

*Vinegar and Mustard.*

These are the Saints that do the Scriptures wrest,  
Nay some of them of it do make a jest :  
They make a cloak of true religion,  
And a false vizard ore their face put on :  
Do but unmask them, you shall plainly see,  
Their cheating tricks, and base Hypocrisie :  
The wicked for to rob they hold no sin ;  
And careth not who lose so they do win.  
And now I say, ( yet speak under the Rose )  
Those snorty fellows, that speak in the Nose,  
Like to the Papists sily women tice,  
For to undo their Husbands in a trice,  
As by experience I have found of late ;  
You amongst them have impoverish'd my estate ;  
And therefore now I mean to mold you new,  
Huswife I'll make you leave your ranting crew.

*5. Fridayes Lecture.*

Delivered Dialogue-wise between bold *Bettris*  
and *Welsh Guinstin*, two Fish wives, in *New-*  
*gate Market*, upon a Market day, where they  
had store of audience, and great attention.

*Bet.* **A**Way, away thou impudent Welch  
Run thou, thou comest from a For-  
raign Nation, I do not know where, beyond  
*Pennemmar*, a tother side the Mountains, thou  
mellac'd Bawd thou, dost thou think to fore-  
still me in the market place, that was bred and  
born

*Vinegar and Mustard.*

born in the Parish, and you come to eat the Bread out of my mouth, with a pox to you.

*Guin.* Marry hang you with a Devils name, the pold *Bettrw*, was stand here in spite of her pelly and her pracc face, was give her fine languages was her not? Was call her *Welch Runt*, and *Appie-fac'd Pawd*, and the Tevil and his tam, Like a shade as her are.

But Dost thou call me shade thou whore thou? I would thou shouldst well know, that I was never such a jade as to tire as thou didst, thou common *Hackn y* thou? for when thou and a fellow was a doing I know what, thou didst cry, *Dig on, dig on*, which is enough enough in your packy welch language and then the fellow told thee, he had almost dig'd his heart out, that was the trick of a jade to tire.

*Guin.* Now her was take her self by the noses faith law, was call her self to remembrances, how her was lie with a fellow in a dark night upon a Cobless stall, and when the fellows Breches were down, and he got up thou was ask, whether he was ride a gallops or a trots? and then the Cobler as he was at work by candles light was hear her, and he was thrust up his Aul into her blind cheeks, (with a Pox to her) and when you was prickt, her was give such a kick upward, that her was threw the fellow out of the saddies all along in the dirt, and was so, that the trick of a bate shade, think her law.

### *Vinegar and Mustard.*

*Bet.* Away, away, thou roads head and garlick thou; dost thou call thy self to remembrance since thou lay in the Cage by *Smithfield Pond* with two bastards, thou cage-bird thou, did you not sing sweetly there? and do you remember how thou layst with a Fisher-man for a quardern of Mackarel, and when you came back agen how you paid the Water-man with a pox that carried you, thou bobtail'd Whore thou.

*Guin.* Thou was a base whores bird to call her catch bird; was pray tell her how long it is ago since her did sing *petty the poor women in Newgate*, when her should have been hanged for picking a pocket; b sides her do not remember when her was in black and blew white rose waistcoat, and red Spanish petticoat, with half a dozen of lashes at her tail, and her new stockings and her new thoes, which her was never pay the shoemaker for unles it were with a Pox, and as prave as her was her had never a penny in her purse, when her was fine, her was go sell Oranges and Lemons, and did her not lie with the Spavel Portugal for half a hundred of Oranges and Lemons at *Pillingsgate* and so was put her in the stocks when her was poor.

*Bet.* Thou scum of a Kitchin-stuff pot thou, that when thou com'st out of *Wales* hadst not a tatter to thy tail, and didst penance all the way to *London* bare foot, thou jade thou, and then didst set up in gathering Rags and Maribones, thou

*Vinegar and Mustard.*

thou base dunghill whore thou, and as thou didst rake thou didst find a silver spoon, and that did put thee in a stock to trade at *Biltingate*; for I am sure thou wert a beggerly whore and full of Lice till then, but now you can keep company and spend pot for pot, and be jovial with your companions, as the best of us thou lether fac'd whore thou.

*Guin.* Pox on you old tallo-fac'd with, the her has cullar now for her knavery; and was paint her ill favour face, I think, with white shake and red prick, to make her look beautiful, and was make her rogues and her rascals to follow after her like a bold hore as she is.

*Bet.* I saith now your *Welch* plood is up you will say any thing, but hark *Guintlin*, let me speak a word in your ear, I will not hurt you.

*Guin.* I but will her not bite her, nor scratch her with her teeth?

*Bet.* No I saith, but are we not a couple of fools to fall out, and spoil our Reputation, losing our Market, and our fish is ready to stink, and the people laugh at us; hark the Market-bell rings, and we must away: meet me at the *Fox*, and there we'll drink our selves friends.

*Guin.* Here was both her hands, her was meet her at the *Fox*, get a good fire, and call for half a dozen, come Customers and buy all before her go; new fresh *Herin*, quick a lie, quick a lie, fifteen a groat, was come, was come, *Bettriv*.

Vinegar and Mustard.

6. S turdates Lecture.

Exercised by a Millars Wife in her Husbands water-mill, instead of a Barn, where her tongue went faster and lower than the Mill-clapper.

**M**arry a Miller, marry a thief, but it is too late to repent now, the more is my grief: What all alone? that's a wonder that you have none of your trollops with you. You forsooth could not stay at home last night, but you must go to the Mill to work in great haste; you had your stones to pick with a vengeance, but I do wonder who helpt you to pick them? Not they that should I me sure, and besides, you could not stay lest you should want water to grind with, but you did grind in your own water mill: I find the old Proverb true, *That much water runs by the Mill that the Millers Wife never knows on.* O firrah, who but you amongst the Maids when my back is turn'd! I know your tricks of old since I was a Maid, I can see what pickle they are in after they have been with you; how all their pericoats are whited with meal: I those are the Lasses that shall have their Corn ground toll free; I know you are as free to them of your fish, as you are of your fish, for you can give this wench a dish of trotters for restority, and that wench a dish of guts to scour her maw, whilst I poor soul sit at home with a dish of  
pours

*Vinegar and Mustard.*

pouts, and they to requite your kindness, one brings a plumb Cake, another brings a Goose, and thus when you feast together, you are as safe as so many thieves in a Mill, but ifaith, ifaith, I will wath your water, and I shall take you napping, which if I do, I will ring you such a peal, that all the bells in the steeple shall not out jangle me.

*The Millers Answer.*

**W**Hy how now Dame what is the cause  
That you so wide do ope your jawes,  
What did some fury you affright?  
Or did you not sleep well last night?  
If it be so, then prethee tell,  
I'll take some course to make thee well;  
Doth Jealousie your pate possesse  
'Gainst him that never did transgress?  
And honest Maidens doth miscall,  
Who never did you hurt at all:  
What if a dish of Fish I give  
Unto a friend, why should you grieve?  
Thou know'st I must work night and day,  
The water will not for me stay.  
I'm sure ther's none can say by me,  
That er'e I ground their Corn toll free.  
But those that have gone once a stray,  
Think others will go the same way.  
The Baker he his Daughter sought  
I'th Oven, where himself was caught:  
Thou know'st I had thy Maiden-head,  
Before that ever we were wed.

But



*Vinegar and Mustard.*

But for the same I made amends,  
Be quiet wife and we'll be friends.

*7. Sundries' Lecture.*

Exercised by Mistress VVhimsey a Citizen, a fantastick wife to her Husband and family in morning, and at noon.

COME I see I must rise as ill as I am, for I heard the first peal ring; you are a kind Husband indeed, you could be all night, and never turn to me, or once say, *Sweet heart how dost thou*: but I'll think on your kindness when you would (I know what.) Why *Mal, mal*, I say, take my cloaths out of the press and air them to take away the cold damp, that it strike not into my body; but let them alone, and reach my silk Grogrom Gown and my Damickatter, for I fear it will rain: come let me see what market your master made last night; what is here for dinner? a piece of Beef, a Leg of Mutton, and a Loin of Veal, Veal, but I doubt it is Ew Mutton: *Mal*, you know by the chink, do you not? And I do fear the Veal is old, and of an Oxe-calf, but I pray let them be ready against we come from Church: come tie my shoes, and do not rumple my Roster. Come Husband, put on your Cloak handsomely; sic how like a sloven you wear it? Come Boy, have you my Book, that you may wait upon us: *Mal*, keep *Beauty* in a doors, for the paltry Cur wakened me last Sunday of a good nap. Fic upon



*Vinegar and Mustard.*

upon it, I thought this man would never have done, he was so tedious in his Sermon. Huswife is the Cloath laid and dinner ready? For I feel my stomach come to me, but a little will serve my turn: Boy make clean my knife, and fetch me my half pint of Canary: come sweet heart and sit down while the meat is hot, for fear I lose my stomach: Husband, pray cut me the Popes Eye out of the Leg of Mutton, I'll try if I can eat a bit of it. Let it alone, I'll cut it my self. Fie upon it, this filthy quean hath over boiled the Mutton, com Gossip, bring away the Veal, that I may see how you have cookt that; I thought so, you have dress'd this for your masters diet, 'tis as brown as a berry, but I should have it as white as a napkin: but like Cateer like Cook; I think you stole this Veal, for it is hardly joynted. Here man, will you eat a piece on the Kidney? what do you refuse it? the next I propose for you, you shall not refuse it. Boy, who drew this Sack, William do you say? go change it, stay I will make shift with it, come set it down by me. Husband cut me a bone there, I'll see if I can pick it: who is that a poor woman? Mal, give her some portage, but stay, is she so hasty? cannot she tarry till we have dined? Come give thanks, for I am not well after my dinner for I could not sleep the last night: and huswife lay the breast of Mutton and the Pullet to the fire betimes, for I do not love to sup late.

Her

*Vinegar and Mustard.*

*Her Husbands Answer.*

**D**Id ever man on earth lead such a life  
As I do with this Creature call'd a wife?  
What Planet rain'd at thy nativity?  
It surely was fantastick *Mercury*:  
Or in your Horoscope the Moon did range,  
For thou like her art ever in the change.  
Let me do what I can to please thy mind,  
You will be sure that still some fault you'll find,  
Abroad, at home, a bed, and eke at board,  
Thou no good language to me canst afford,  
You do not work I'm sure, but live at ease,  
No food I buy that can your palate please,  
Nor with you any servant long can stay,  
You monthly change, or else they run away;  
This is the custome and the life you lead,  
To make me for to wish that I were dead:  
I wish all Bachelers to have a care  
How they do marry, lest like me they fare;  
Yet that man's happy hath a virtuous wife,  
If not, he better were be rid of life.  
So now she is asleep, this is her diet;  
Let her alone, for now the house is quiet.

*The Conclusion.*

A Bachelor was weary of a single life, (wife;  
Walking with a married man, and wish he had a  
O would I had but such a wife as thine is,  
Who Tall is, Small is, Neat is, Feat is,

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F I N I S.

